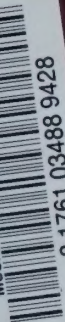


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AN DIE FERNE GELIEBTE


BEETHOVEN

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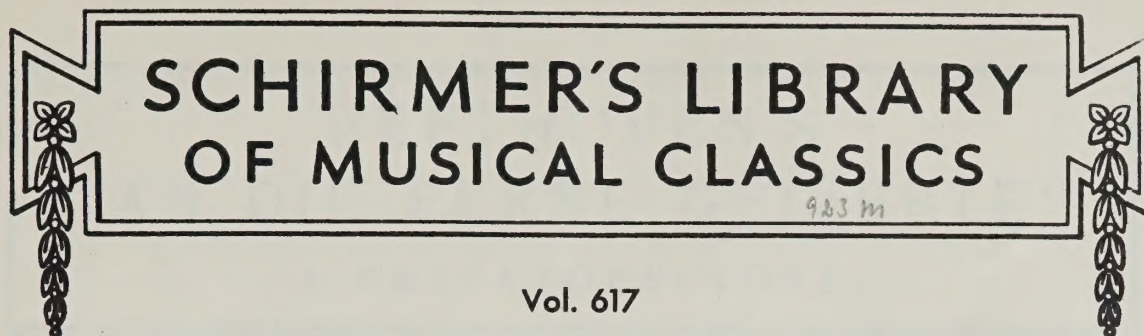
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LUDWIG VAN BEETHOVEN

Op. 98

An Die Ferne Geliebte

(To the Distant Beloved)

A CYCLE OF SIX SONGS

Vol. 616 — For High Voice

Vol. 617 — For Low Voice

English Translations by
DR. THEODORE BAKER

With a Prefatory Note by
H. E. KREHBIEL

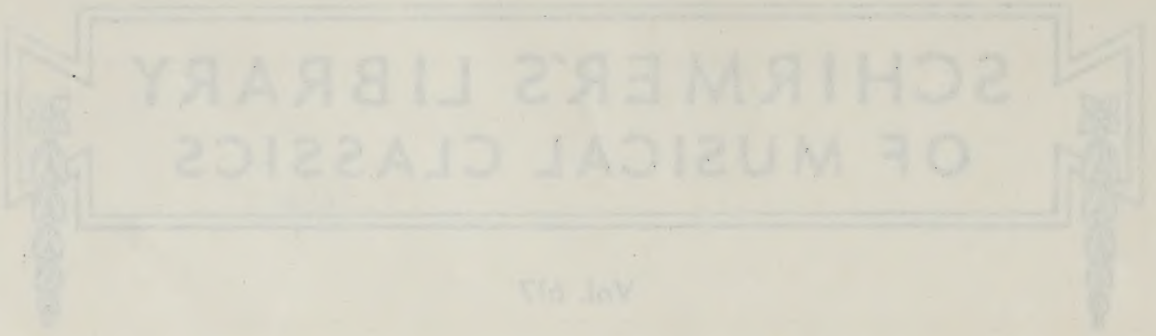
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BEETHOVEN'S "AN DIE FERNE GELIEBTE"

A PREFATORY NOTE

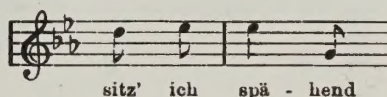
Beethoven the symphonist, Beethoven the composer of the Mass in D, the string quartets, the pianoforte sonatas and the Choral Symphony, Beethoven the supreme epic poet among all the poets that ever lived who spoke in tones instead of words—this Beethoven has so filled the critical as well as the popular eye for nearly a century that his full significance in other fields has been overlooked. Historians of the lyric drama have forgotten to chronicle the fact that the climax of "Fidelio" has yet to find its peer in the operatic realm, and writers on the development of the German *Lied* have patronized him in a manner irreconcilable with respect for his genius or the story of musical evolution. The art-song had not developed a cult in Beethoven's day and was not a fruitful source of revenue, as the pitiful history of Schubert, song writer *par excellence*, shows; and Beethoven was but little more able to ignore the commercial side of his profession than his spiritual son. Vulgar balladists make fortunes with a single song nowadays, but Schubert was obliged to sell his *Lieder* by the score for a few shillings. Nevertheless, Beethoven gave attention to the song form at the beginning and the climax of his career, and there is no saying but that had the way been open to him in the marvellous sunset of his life (during which he withdrew himself more and more from the larger vehicles of communication with the public and devoted himself more and more to the "intimate" agencies, the pianoforte and the string quartet), he would have opened new paths in this field as he did in others. He was scarcely eleven years old when his song "Schilderung eines Mädchens" was published, and he gave a setting to "Ich war bei Chloe ganz allein" within five years of his death, at a time when the completion of his Choral Symphony was occupying his attention. Some of the songs which have been cited for the purpose of depreciating his standing as a song composer were youthful productions,

touching which it is suspected that they were given to the public surreptitiously. Certain it is that many songs which he had worked upon and some that he had finished were never given to the world for reasons which it is easy to surmise when recalling that wonderful gift of self-criticism which no artist that ever lived had in Beethoven's measure.

If one takes the period and its conditions into consideration, the percentage of beautiful and vital songs in the Beethoven product will alone serve to place him upon a lofty pedestal. Of his three-score and ten works in this department at least a fifth live to-day in the affection of song-lovers. They are not found upon the programmes of public singers as often as the best songs of Schubert, Schumann or Brahms, but, like some of the finest inspirations of these men, they are kept "for the enjoyment of God at home," which was the mission that Goudimel set for his harmonizations of the old psalm tunes. The six songs of the cycle "*An die ferne Geliebte*" have never been entirely in nor wholly out of vogue so far as the patrons of the world's concert-rooms are concerned, yet I shall never be able to quarrel with a singer who shall say that their sanctity is such that he would not wear them on his sleeve "for daws to peck at." Their sentiment is at once so simple, yet profound, their emotional content so personal and precious, that I should quicker respect the taste and sensibility of an artist who kept them for "the enjoyment of God at home" than admire the skill of one who used them to exploit himself in the concert-room. Aside from their beauty, moreover, they have a historic significance which ought here to be set forth. "*An die ferne Geliebte*" is not only the first song-cycle, it is still the most perfect of all song-cycles in respect of unity. There is both a spiritual and a material bond which knits the six poems into a whole, as the various parts of a Beethoven symphony are moulded into oneness. There is no such unity in the song-cycles of Schubert, who was Beethoven's first follower; and Schumann, who saw and recognized, could only pay the admiring tribute of imitation in his "*Frauenliebe und -leben*."

"*An die ferne Geliebte*" was composed in 1816, "im Monath April," as the autograph manuscript testifies. Alois Jeitteles, the author of the words, was a young man of twenty-one, who was studying medicine in Vienna at the time. He was

a musical amateur, and it has been thought that he handed the poem to Beethoven in person. Sketches for the songs appear in a sketch-book owned by Eugen von Miller, of Vienna, and described by Nottebohm in his "Zweite Beethoveniana." They disclose Beethoven's habitual care in the study of declamation and descriptive effect. Thus, the first line of the first song is repeated several times in its original form before the characteristic fall,



so suggestive of the poet's longing glance in the direction of his love, is found. So, too, the detached tones of the melody to No. 3, designed to give the effect of lightness and airiness to the description of the floating clouds, is an afterthought. The tenderness and warmth of feeling which pervade the songs from beginning to end led Thayer to suspect that there was a bit of autobiography in the composition—that Beethoven's soul was still filled with the sentiment inspired by Amalie von Sebald five years before. As corroborative proof, Thayer quotes the following passage from a letter written to Ferdinand Ries in 1816: "My kind regards to your wife. I, alas! have no wife. I have met only one and her I shall probably never get." Be this as it may, it is certain that an amiable feeling found expression in the dedication of the work. It is inscribed to Prince Josef Franz Maximilian Lobkowitz, who had been one of Beethoven's most intimate friends and generous patrons, as is evidenced by the dedications of such works as the six string quartets op. 18 and the "Eroica," C minor and "Pastoral" symphonies. Lobkowitz was one of the group of noble patrons who subscribed to an annuity fund, planned to enable the composer to work without dread of want. His subscription was 700 florins, but this was scaled down more than one-half by his trustees when the Prince found himself in financial distress some years afterward. Beethoven's anger got the better of him, and he treated his benefactor most shabbily until the Prince of his own volition had the original sum restored and the arrearages paid. This was in 1815, and Beethoven showed his gratitude in the dedication of the song-cycle.

New York, October 13, 1901.

H. E. KREHBIEL.

The poems by
A. Jeitteles.

An die ferne Geliebte. To the Distant Beloved.

No. 1. Ziemlich langsam und mit Ausdruck.
Lento ed espressivo.

Transposed key.
Composed in April, 1816.

Auf dem Hü - gel sitz' ich, spä - hend in das blau - e Ne - bel -
From the moun - tain wing my gaz - es Toward a far - off, a - zure

land, nach den fer - nen Trif - ten sehend, wo ich dich, Ge - lieb - te, fand.
bound, Seek - ing thro' o'er - spread - ing hazes Where I thee, be - lov - ed, found. *ausdrucksvoll*

Weit bin ich von dir ge - schieden, trennend lie - gen Berg und Thal zwi - schen
Far from thee my way is turn - ing, Hill and valley lie be - tween, Part - ing

uns und un - serm Frie - den, un - serm Glück — und uns - rer Qual.
us and our fond yearning, All our joy — and all our pain.

cresc.

Ach, den Blick kannst du nicht se-hen, der zu
 Ah, my gaz-es aim-less wan-der, That for

dir so glü-hend eilt, und die Seuf-zer, sie ver-
 thee so in-ly glow, And my sigh-ing I but

we-squan-der in dem Rau-void -me, der uns theilt.
 -der On the that parts us now.

Will denn nichts mehr zu dir drin-gen, nichts der
 Is there naught that still can find thee, Bear my

Lie-be Bo-te sein? Sin-gen will ich, Lie-der sin-gen, die dir
 heart a-far to thine? Then in song will I re-mind thee How in

dim. *cresc.* *p* *p* *dolce* *cresc.*

kla - gen mei - ne Pein!
lone - li - ness I pine.

p *sempre p*

Denn vor a Lie - - bes - klang ent - wei - - chet je - der
For a song of love dis - dain - - eth Wea - ry

Nach und nach geschwinder.
stringendo poco a poco

Raum und je - de Zeit, und ein lie - - bend Herz er -
miles and wea - ry hours, And a lov - - ing heart at

cresc.

Allegro.

rei - - chet, was ein lie - - bend Herz ge - weiht!
tain - - eth What a lov - - ing heart em - pow'rs.

f

f *dim. p* *p dim.*

No 2. Ein wenig geschwinder.
Poco allegretto.

Wo die Ber - ge so
 Where the moun - tains a -

blau aus dem ne - bli-gen Grau schauen her - ein, wo die
 rise Un - der low - er - ing skies, Peer - ing thro' air, Where the

Son - ne ver - glüht, wo die Wol - ke um - zieht, möch - te ich sein!
 sun - set is red, Where the clouds o - ver - spread, Would I were there!

möch - te ich sein! Dort im ru - hi - gen
 Would I were there! In that slum - ber - ous

Thal schweigen Schmer - zen und Qual. Wo im Ge - stein still die
 vale, Pain or woe - ne'er may dwell. On rock - y stair Where the

pp *pp* *pp* *pp*

Pri - mel dort sinnt, weht so lei - se der Wind, möch - te ich sein!
 prim - ros - es sleep, Woo - ing winds light - ly sweep; Would I were there!

pp *pp* *pp*

Red. *

Nach und nach geschwinder. *stringendo* Ziemlich geschwind. *Assai allegro*

möch - te ich sein! Hin zum
 Would I were there! To the

pp *pp* *cresc.*

Red. *

ten.

sin - ni - gen Wald drängt mich Lie - bes - ge - walt, in - ne - re
 shad - ow - y grove Drive me long - ing and love, Lone - ly de -

Poco adagio *Erstes Zeitmass. Tempo I.*

Pein, in - ne - re Pein. Ach mich zög's nicht von hier, könnt' ich,
 spair, lone - ly de - spair. Ah, I ne'er would a - way, If with

sf *cresc.*

Poco adagio

Trau - te, bei dir e - wig - lich sein! e - wig - lich
 thee I might stay, Stay with thee e'er! Stay with thee

cresc. *f*

No 3. *Allegro assai.*

sein!
e'er!

p *fp* *dim.* *pp*

Leich - te Seg - ler in den Hö - hen,
Cloud - let, sail - ing on a - bove me,

und du Bäch - lein klein und schmal, könnt mein Lieb - chen
And thou ti - ny. rill be - low, Should ye meet her

sempre p

ihr er - spä - hen, grüsst sie mir viel tau - send - mal.
who doth love me, Bear my greet - ing as ye go!

poco *fp*

Seht ihr, Wol - ken,
Ye, oh cloud - lets,

poco sfz *pp*

sie dann ge - hen sin - nend in dem stil - len Thal,
if she wan - der Mus - ing in the lone - some dale,

lasst mein Bild vor ihr ent - ste - hen in dem luft' - gen
Let my im - age greet her yon - der From your air - y,

Him - mels - saal.
sky - borne veil.

Wird sie an den Bü-schen ste-hen, die nun herbstlich falb und kahl,
Should she lin-ger near the bush-es Bared by au-tumn winds for-lorn,

pp

And. *

klagt ihr, wie mir ist ge-sche-hen, klagt ihr, Vög-lein, mei-ne Qual!
Tell her how my sor-row crush-es, Tell her, bird-lings, how I mourn.

ritard.

crese. *ritard.*

Stil-le We-ste, bringt im We-hen
Wes-tern breez-es, on-ward hie-ing,

a tempo poco ritard. a tempo

pp *pp*

hin zu mei-ner Her-zens-wahl mei-ne Seuf-zer,
To my lov'd one waft ye low, As it fal-ters,

ritard.

die ver - ge - hen wie der Son - ne letz - ter Strahl.
all my sigh - ing, Like the sun's de - part - ing glow.

a tempo *ritard.*

dim. *p* *ritard.* *p* *pp*

a tempo

Flüstr' ihr zu mein Lie - bes - fle - hen,
Whis - per all my love and yearn - ing,

p

Red. *

lass sie, Bäch - lein klein und schmal, treu in dei - nen
Tell her, ti - ny rill be - low, She may view, in

cresc.

Red.

ritard. *a tempo*

Wo - gen se - hen mei - ne Thrä - nen oh - ne Zahl, — oh - ne Zahl! —
thee re - turn - ing, How my tears do ev - er flow, — ev - er flow! —

p *colla voce* *cresc.* *f* *f*

*

No. 4. Nicht zu geschwinde, angenehm und mit viel Empfindung.
Allegro ma non troppo, dolce e con espressione.

Die - se Wol - ken in den Hö - hen, die - ser
 Clouds be - yond the mountains far - ing, Birds that

p

Vög - lein munt'rer Zug wer - den dich, o Hul - din, se - hen. Nehmt mich
 pass in mer - ry flight, To my love are they re - pair - ing: Take me,

cresc. cresc. f p

mit im leichten Flug!
 too, on pin - ions light!

Die - se We - ste wer - den
 And the wan - ton west - ern

f p

spie - len scher - zend dir um Wang' und Brust, in den seid' - nen Lo - cken
 breez - es Shall car - ess thy cheek and breast, Fond - ly toy - ing with thy

sempre p

wüh - len.
tress - es:

Theilt' ich mit euch die - se Lust!
Fain_ I'd share their joy - ous quest!

cresc. *f* *p* *f* *p*

Hin zu dir von je - nen Hü - geln em - sig die - ses Bächlein eilt. Wird ihr
Toward my love yon brook - let flow - eth Ev - er down the moun - tain - way; When her

cresc.

Bild sich in_ dir spie - geln, fließ zu - rück dann un - ver -
face thy mir - ror show - eth, Then_ flow back with - out_ de -

cresc. *f* *p*

Nach und nach geschwinder.
Sempre più allegro.

weilt, fließ zu - rück dann un - ver - weilt, ja un - ver - weilt!
lay, then flow back with - out_ de - lay, with - out de - lay!

f *p* *cresc.*

rin - nen.
well - ing;

Die Schwal - be, die keh - ret zum
The swal - low re - turns to her

wirth - li - chen Dach, sie baut sich so em - sig ihr bräut - lich Ge - mach, die
home in the eaves, The bow'r of her bri - dal now bus - i - ly weaves; For

Lie - be soll woh - nen da drin - nen, die Lie - be soll woh - nen da
love she would build her a dwell - ing, for love she would build her a

cresc.

drin - nen.
dwell - ing.

Sie
Un -

p *cresc.* *p*

Ad.

bringt sich ge-schäf-tig von Kreuz und von Quer manch' wei-che-res Stück zu dem
wea-ried-ly flit-ting now here and now there, Soft lin-ing she still to the

Braut-bett hie-her, manch' wär-men-des Stück für die Klei--nen.
bride-bed doth bear, Warm fleece for the wee ones a-wait--ed;

Nun woh-nen die Gat-ten bei-sam-men so treu, was
Now live they so faith-ful to-geth-er, the twain, What

Win-ter ge-schie-den, ver-band nun der Mai, was lie-bet, das weiss er zu
Win-ter had part-ed, now May joins a-gain, For lov-ers then light-ly are

cresc.

ei - nen, was lie - bet, das weiss er zu ei - nen.
 mat - ed, for lov - ers then light - ly are mat - ed.

tr
p *cresc.*

Es keh - ret der Mai - en, es
 Fair May - time is com - ing, the

p

blü - het die Au', die Lüf - te, sie we - hen so mil - de, so lau, nur
 mead - ows are gay, Where wan - der - ing breez - es are woo - ing to - day; I

ritard. *a tempo*
 ich kann nicht zie - hen von hin - - - nen. Wenn
 on - ly must bide in my sta - - - tion; Tho'

espress.

Al - les, was lie - bet, der Früh - ling ver - eint, nur un - se - rer Lie - be kein
 else - where all lov - ers in Spring - tide de - light, Our hearts ev - er lone - ly no

dim. sf

ritard.

Früh - ling er - scheint, und Thrä - nen sind all ihr Ge - win - nen, und
 Spring may u - nite, And tears are their sole con - so - la - - tion, and

p ritard.

Adagio.

Thränen sind all ihr Ge - win - nen, ja all ihr Gewin - nen.
 tears are their sole conso - la - - tion, their sole conso - la - - tion.

pp

No 6. Andante con moto, cantabile.

Nimm sie hin denn, die - se Lie - der, die ich dir, Ge - lieb - te, sang, —
 Take my songs, of love the flow - er, That for thee, mine own, — I sing; —

sin - ge sie dann A - bends wie - der zu der Lau - te sü - ssem Klang!
 Sing them o'er in eve - ning hours, While the ten - der lute doth ring.

510ady

ritard. —

Wenn das Dämm'ungsroth dann zie - het nach dem stil - len, blau - en
 When the twi - light glow is wan - ing On the calm blue lake so

ritard. —

pp

See, und sein letz - ter Strahl ver - glü - het hin - ter
 bright, And its part - ing ray is shin - ing O - ver

pp *3* *3*

Ad. *3* *3* *

Molto adagio

je - ner Ber - ges - höh', und du singst,
 yon - der moun - tain - height, And thou singst,

Ad. *

Tempo I.

und du singst, was ich ge - sun - gen, was mir aus der vol - len Brust
 and thou singst what love in - spir - eth In my o - ver - flow - ing breast,

oh - ne Kunst - ge - präng' er - klungen, nur der Sehnsucht sich be - wusst,
 Naught sub - lime there - in de - sir - eth, Naught safe yearn - ing there con - fess'd,

nur, nur der Sehn - sucht sich be - wusst: _____
naught, naught save yearn - ing there con - fess'd: _____

cresc. *p*

Ziemlich langsam und mit Ausdruck.

Lento ed espressivo.

Dann vor die - - sen Liedern wei - chet, was ge -
Sure-ly then my song re - gain - eth All we

p

Nach und nach geschwinder.

string. poco a poco

schieden uns so weit, und ein lie - bend Herz er -
lost in lone - ly hours, And a lov - ing heart at -

cresc.

Allegro molto e con brio.

rei - chet, was ein lie - bend Herz ge - weiht, und ein
tain - eth What a lov - ing heart em - pow'rs! And a

f *p*

lie - bend Herz er - rei - chet, was ein lie - bend, ein lie - bend, ein
lov - ing heart at - tain - eth, What a lov - ing, a lov - ing. a

cresc.

lie - bend Herz ge - weiht. Dann, dann vor
lov - ing heart em - powrs! Then, sure - ly

p

die - sen Lie - dern wei - chet, was ge -
then - my song - re - gain - eth All we

cresc. *f* *p*

schie - den uns - so weit, und ein lie - bend Herz er -
lost - in lone - ly hours, And a lov - ing heart at -

p *cresc.* *p* *p*

rei - chet, was ein lie - bend Herz, ein
tain - eth What a lov - ing heart, a

cresc.

lie - bend Herz ge - weiht, was, was ein lie - bend,
lov - ing heart em - pow'rs, ay, what a lov - ing,

p f ff

lie - bend Herz ge - weiht!
lov - ing heart em - pow'rs!

sf sf

dimin. p dimin. pp cresc. f sf

Red. *

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Beethoven, Ludwig van
[An die ferne Geliebte]
An die ferne Geliebte

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